for powder, they'l fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Fal. Faith for their poverty, I know not where they had that, And for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they never learnt that of me.

Prin. No i'le be ſworne, unleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs, bare: but ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

Weſt. He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'l fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good couſin, be adviſ'd, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counſell well;
Thou ſpeakſt it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not ſlaunder, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well-reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day lives:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of us feares.

Dow. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay I,

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are.
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſes
Of my couſin *Vernons* are not yet come up.

Your

Your Uncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day.
And now their pride and metall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of him himſelfe.

Hot. So are the horſes of the Enemy,
In generall journey bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offer from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well, and even thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality,
But ſtand againſt us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anoynted Majeſty:
But to my charge. The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefes, and whereupon
You conjure from the breſt of civill peace,
Such bold Hoſtility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefe, and with all ſpeed,
You ſhall have your deſire with intereſt.
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My Father, my Uncle, and my ſelfe,
Did give him that ſame royalty he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twenty ſtrong,
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched, and low,